

# CLOSING PAUSE

**PETER LONDON, PROFESSOR EMERITUS  
UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS DARTMOUTH**

[Note from the editors]

*Peter London was invited to offer a response to the two part special issue as a last moment of pause. Peter, in turn, graciously offered his contemplative thoughts that we hope will inspire others to pause and engage their own contemplative reflections inspired by the artist scholar offerings in this special issue.*

Why bother writing, or reading for that matter, novels, when the daily paper brings you fresh from the gutters, news that is hair raising and whose outcome, moment by moment is a “thriller”; the characters are not only full blooded, but often bloody from their misadventures. So wrote Philip Roth as he contemplated retiring from writing novels, and, from which, he did stop. To this we add the well-known saw; Art is just like life, only more so. With life being as breathtaking as it is, how could art offer anything “more”? Why indeed take the time away from life as it constantly washes over us in order to gain some other (higher?) ground—to see or experience what?

Reading, listening, viewing the art forms created by the varied artists in this two part special issue of *Artizein*, will, I believe, provide the interested reader with serious responses to these nagging questions. The most conspicuous response as to why we might extract ourselves for a while from life’s hurly burly, is that life, as we humans experience it, is not lived on one plane only. Life *experienced*, is lived on many planes, each one offering different views at different magnifications and depths of field: especially the stuff of human relations with the world. The world of ideas and feelings and hopes and fears and dreams and imaginations and possible futures, and memories and misguided memories--thus the world of regrets, the unspoken and the un-speakables.

The arts open the doors of perception to all these dimensions of the world and thus bring to our attention the “more” that our raw senses cannot.

What we read, see, hear when we attend to the arts adds a complexification, a richness to the actual world that our primary senses bring to our attention, which, having alerted us to their presence, shake us awake, though not yet focused nor caring. We step on the wet grass of a morning, but the poet has told us and now, looking through both our own eyes and those of the poet, we become aware that it is a “soft” morning: the grass still moist with the goings on of nature, and now, unembarrassed, night beats a silent retreat. It’s still only wet grass, on one plane, but on several others where memories and fantasies reside, it is something “more.” But, of course, the arts not only add *more* to human experiences, on an occasion, the arts bring us to a place of “less.” A strange less, in which the world’s endless more and more and more, suddenly coalesce, assimilate, cohere, and now appear as a grand harmony, one which, of course, was always there, but hidden from our view by its many seeming dissimilarities. A new inclusivity appears and makes satisfactory *sense*, although we cannot say just how, but so it now seems. Seems to, now that we see it through a lens that the arts provide.

The array of artists that this special two part issue of *Artizein* bring to our attention arrive from many destinations with distinctive ways of perceiving and expressing, more than likely different from you, dear reader, and we hope those differences will provide the something more that the arts, carefully attended, can.

Peter London  
Davis, California  
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